

# Nothing Feels Good Anymore

The Menzingers

I am a tiny fly, buzzing around in a field,  
somewhere in the overgrowth of your memory,  
and at night you wander though, as the image of a  
former you, searching every nook and every cranny for  
the form that I am taking.

But "baby, baby I'm right here!", I try to shout and scream  
and say, but my darling you just swat, you just swat me  
away, and in my greatest desperation, I dig deep into  
your skin, a little itch to keep the thought of me.  
But nothing feels good anymore.

I'm at the party in a cloud of nicotine,  
exhaled by drunk twenty somethings,  
there's a couple arguing in the bathroom,  
there's a couple kids just trying to get high,  
I try to make my way out, 'cause I've got to see you  
tonight, I start pacing then running.

"But baby, baby buzz me in!", I ring you intercom and  
say, but you just poke your head through the curtain  
and my hearts on the floor.

Like the dead cat in the alley, like the garbage  
overturned, like the uninviting orgy on top of some dog  
shit in the yard, I had a life, I thought I had it together,  
I thought my house could never burn, but that was  
before.